THE New Republic

Nabokov's *Lolita*—
Has It No
"Moral in Tow"?

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Eggheads and Politics

By LEON KEYSERLING

The Atomic Pioneers . . . . . *C. P. Snow*
Spencer Tracy's Hurrah . . . *Stanley Kauffman*
St.-John Perse . . . . *Katherine Garrison Chapin*

FIVE SENATORIAL CANDIDATES

Engle of California, Hart of Michigan, McCarthy of Minnesota, McGee of Wyoming, Morrison of Nebraska

OCTOBER 27, 1958

25 cents

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Washington Wire

"Ins" and "Outs"

WHAT ARE the elements of the present political campaign? Well, one basic element is America's unity. It's amazing. Most foreigners wouldn't be able to tell the difference between the two parties. They are accustomed to passionate differences over big issues.

Aren't US parties different? Yes, in a way—most Democrats are more liberal than most Republicans. But in the present election it's mostly national disillusionment over lack of White House leadership and a thousand isolated skirmishes between the "ins" and "outs" over the country.

Doesn't America have real issues? Yes, of course. But we hate to face them: (a) On foreign affairs most Americans just want to take a "strong" stand against the Communists as cheaply as possible. (b) At home, although population has increased 45 million (yes, 45 million!) in 20 years, neither party wants to face the fact that schools, cities, roads, police forces, assorted institutions, are bursting at the seams; instead we are shocked that the budget rises. (c) Integration—this really is a passionate issue. But it doesn't come up till 1960.

All right. How about "integration" in 1960? The GOP doesn't have the South and can't get it. That leaves the decision up to the Democrats. If they conciliate the South with a compromise candidate in 1960, they will probably lose the independent "swing" vote, and the election to Nixon. If the Democrats stick to their guns, the South can either start a weak third party (and lose its entrenched committee chairmanships in Congress) or straggle along as in the past. Chances are it will do the latter.

Who decides the Democrats' position? There's a split. The voice of the national party is largely that of the liberal Democratic Advisory Council and Chairman Paul Butler. It pushes for greater militancy and definition of position. The voice of the conservatives in Congress is "go-slow" Lyndon Johnson and, to a lesser degree, Sam Rayburn. These two boycotted the Advisory Council and continue to snub it, as do Southern Congressmen entrenched in key chairmanships.

Well, let's get back to the election; who will win? Indications of a Democratic sweep are so widespread and unanimous that this column begins to doubt them; yet it truly looks that way. Nixon-Eisenhower counter-action may reduce the Democratic tide a bit.

A Democratic Congress? Exactly. For the next two years Eisenhower will be a dead lame-duck. One way or another Democrats will be more militant—aiming at Nixon. Trouble is, the new "liberal" Democratic Congressmen will be swallowed up under committee chairmen like Eastland, Byrd, etc.

But Could He Win?

WHO SPEAKS for the GOP? More and more, Nixon. This column has already noted the White House power-transference now underway. It went further last week. Under the comical confusion of conflicting Dulles-Eisenhower statements the fact remained that cold, hard Nixon scored a big victory. His views prevailed over Dulles' in the dispute on debating foreign affairs. He publicly stated that part of the Administration's present trouble comes from "ineffectively" presenting its case in the past two years (who could have been ineffective, do you suppose?) and he defiantly and almost insolently challenged Eisenhower's Cabinet (except Dulles) to come on out and campaign. No doubt about it, if a Democratic sweep comes, Nixon has an alibi — he'll blame the White House. GOP leaders will love it; they are fed up with Ike's "aboveness."

Does this mean Nixon gets the 1960 nomination? Yes—with one qualification. If Nelson Rockefeller bucks a strong Democratic tide and wins New York, this column wants to go on record as predicting he will be the GOP nominee, not Nixon.

Are you serious? Yes. Rockefeller is the amateur glamor type—like Eisenhower against Taft in 1952. A GOP Presidential candidate has to attract independent and Democratic voters to win. The haunting question that eliminated Taft could eliminate Nixon—"He's fine, but could he win?" GOP politicians love hatchetman Nixon but love victory more.

The Lines Sharpen

AND THE Democrats? There's the rub; no outstanding figure has appeared. Probably it sounds biased but this column's practical judgment is that in the circumstances Democrats would have a better chance with a young, positive no-compromise liberal like Mennen Williams, Hubert Humphrey or Joe Clark.

Wouldn't that sharpen party lines? Yes. But don't forget lines are sharpening already. Organized labor, for example, is on the defensive in six states over right-to-work referenda. And now for the first time business groups are gingerly entering politics.

Where is this? Trade journals have been full of it. Business is worried. Gulf Oil announces it is getting into politics; General Electric is running pro-"right-to-work" ads in California; big corporations are experimenting with a political training school for junior executives at Syracuse, N. Y. Ford, International Harvester, Standard Oil (Ohio) are typical. It may be only a passing phase, but there's no doubt about what's happening. Ostensibly the move is bipartisan, but management has no doubt which side its junior executives will be on: "If we are scared or lulled into further stupid political silence and inactivity, we are licked," says G.E. vice president Lemuel Boulware. "It's as simple as that."

But can corporations make political contributions? Not directly; neither can unions. But corporate gifts to "civic" projects are permissible and tax deductible. Incidentally, that's what burns up the GOP in another connection. A lot of fat-cat GOP capitalists are holding back direct political contributions (for which there are no tax deductions) and giving them to crack-pot "hate"groups. These are ostensibly "non-partisan" and hence get tax exemption. They are paying for anti-Reuther ads.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *Formosa and China*

SIRS:

JOHN K. FAIRBANK (in "Formosa Through China's Eyes," *NR*, October 13) gives the clearest and simplest formulation of the factor which makes an agreed solution of the Formosan problem impossible when he says, "The Chin-

(Continued on page 23)

Lolita and the Critics

ACCORDING to its author, the novel *Lolita*—at the top of the best-seller list for the fourth week—"has no moral in tow." The disclaimer should be treated as another Nabokov jest, for this story of the two-year rape of a pre-adolescent by a "gentleman in his forties" (to quote *The Kenyon Review* critic) indeed has several morals—all true to the book and all false to life. And all ignored or dismissed by the critics.

The first moral (it could be called a justified inference) is that by the age of 12 one American girl (and how many others between 9 and 15?) has already been "hopelessly depraved" by "modern co-education, juveniles mores, the campfire racket and so forth" (Nabokov's words), and that whatever indignities and brutalities are inflicted upon her thereafter add little or nothing to her degradation.

The second moral is that prolonged assault of a 12-year old, though horrible, is no more sordid than what Mr. Nabokov calls the "philistine vulgarity of the American scene," which he finds "exhilarating." What happens to Lolita blends into and is not of a different order from the middle-class squalor of endless motels and juke boxes.

The third moral is that a 12-year old (or are we expected to assume that Lolita is unique?) can be submerged in the kind of cesspool Mr. Nabokov describes with such imaginative power and come out of it with things having (so says critic F. W. Dupee) "fallen into place in a world which she views as "just one gag after another'." Lolita, he concludes, "has not been destroyed; indeed she has exhibited the strong capacity of the young to survive the worst abuses." *Time* sees an even more silvery lining: "In the end, [Lolita] is pregnant and happy with a young goonlike husband. She has escaped. Nabokov seems to be asserting that all of creation is God, and that Humbert [the seducer] listening in vain for the laughter of a child, knew it at the bitter end. . . . The shadow of a good life emerges."

There is in reality a shadow, unperceived by most of the serious critics but known to social workers and mental institutions. It is that of the real Lolitas who exist in darkness throughout their lives. And this shadow, among us in the flesh, is what obliges us to differ with our own reviewer who considered that "to dwell on the book's more lurid side is to connive with witlessness."

The literate public longs for splendid, shocking satire, and Nabokov's wit is prodigious. But is this obscene chronicle of murder and of a child's destruction really "wonderfully funny" (Noland Miller in *The Antioch Review*), a "comic spectacle" (Richard Schickel in *The Reporter*), or "wildly funny" (*Time*)? And can the judgment of so sensitive a critic as Lionel Trilling have meaning anywhere but in Hollywood (which will film the novel), when he says that "in recent fiction no lover has thought of his beloved with so much tenderness. . . . No woman has been so charmingly evoked, in such grace and delicacy, as Lolita?"

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Ruling Out Filibusters

IF THE November 4 election produces a net gain of nine Senators who will vote to prevent filibusters, the way will be clear for Congress to line up alongside the Judicial and Executive branches of the government on the question of segregation.

But for Senate Rule 22, which permits a minority to talk an issue to death, the majority would long since have done so. (As it now stands, Rule 22 requires a two-thirds vote of the total membership—not just those present and voting—to shut off debate.) And nine more votes than they polled in a 1957 effort to change the rules would give the anti-filibuster group the strength to place a reasonable limit on debate.

A recent *Congressional Quarterly* poll of Senate candidates on the question suggests that this could happen. The results of the poll, taken together with a study of current Senate races and past voting, leads *CQ* to the conclusion that on a motion to adopt new rules for the 86th Congress, 43 Senators will be for changing the rules, 46 against and 9 in doubt. And, *CQ* reports, "the area of doubtful votes appears to favor the rule changers."

The problem, however, will still be to avoid a filibuster on changing the filibuster rule. As it stands today, Rule 22 provides that debate on changing Senate rules cannot be shut off, even by a two-third cloture vote. To get around this obstacle the move will be to adopt *new* rules instead.

That device failed in 1957 when Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson successfully moved to table his fellow Democrat Clinton Anderson's (N. M.) motion to do so. But the 1957 effort gave Vice President Nixon the opportunity to deliver an unofficial opinion that the Senate has the constitutional right to change its rules at the beginning of each new Congress if it desires—a point which had never before been decided. If he rules that way again in 1959—and it seems reasonable to assume that he will—the business of adopting new rules will then go forward under regular parliamentary procedure by majority vote.

The anti-filibuster group after that would need 49 or 50 votes—depending on whether Mr. Nixon would vote with them in case of a 49-49 tie—to defeat a motion to table; then to uphold a Nixon ruling on the constitutionality of adopting new rules; and finally to substitute a new provision for Rule 22.

That substitute would most likely be Sen. Paul Douglas' (D, Ill.) proposal to enable a majority of the Senate membership to shut off debate 15 days after 16 Senators petitioned to do so. Had this rule been in effect last year the Civil Rights Act of 1957 would be a much stronger law. There is little question but that Part III of the civil rights bill, giving the Attorney General enforcement powers in cases involving violations of constitutional rights, was dropped because of the threat of filibuster. A majority feared that if they did not agree to dispense with this provision, Southerners would talk the whole bill to death. If Rule 22 is changed, Section III will surely be revived with strong support next year.

Aligning the legislative with the courts and the Executive branch on civil rights would have great symbolic meaning. But there is a more tangible reason for putting the filibuster issue at the head of the list of things to be done in 1959. Paul Douglas states it with his usual clarity:

> The day we take this veto pistol away from those who would thwart majority rule will be the day we start on the road toward solving the great civil rights problem of 20th Century America. . . . because on that day the Southern Senators who are perhaps most knowledgeable about this grave problem will be required to put their minds to its solution. Deprived of their wholly negative right to veto the proposals of others, these men, who are well-fitted by knowledge and experience to solve the problems of a race-ridden society, will be freed to assist in the drafting of positive measures to speed the process of understanding, cooperation and respect for human rights. . . . Once deprived of their Rule 22 veto pistol, they will be in a political position to aid in the orderly progress toward equal justice under law without regard to race, color or religion.

Back To Formosa

THE CHINESE have made good the boast in their cease-fire proclamation that "we are free to fight when we want to fight and stop when we want to stop." Whatever Peking's motives in setting off the guns, one predictable consequence is that the Administration's rumored plan for disengagement at Quemoy must be postponed; and as the impasse is prolonged, the chances for survival of a non-Communist Formosa diminish. What happens to Quemoy has always been peripheral—in more than a geographic sense. Formosa is the issue. In permitting events to drift so that the United States feels obliged to defend the Nationalists on the shakiest possible brink, the Administration has succeeded, above all, in undermining the long-range defenses for a non-Communist Formosa.

Mr. Dulles is leading public opinion down the garden path when he assumes—as he did at his most recent Washington news conference—that the danger to Formosa is a military one. By all indications Peking is bent primarily on disaffection within the Nationalist regime and annexation-by-deal. The fact that the shells were timed for Mr. Dulles' arrival in Formosa is in one sense a reminder to the Nationalists that negotiations should be

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going on entirely between Chinese. The longer disengagement is postponed, the better Peking's opportunity for playing on US-Nationalist differences. Much of the world already leans to the view that Peking's claim to Formosa is justified by the Cairo and Potsdam determinations that the island is rightfully Chinese territory, and that Peking will at some point be militarily strong enough to intimidate the Nationalists—and the Formosan majority—with its brinkmanship. Thus, the task of American diplomacy is to seek support, while there is still time, for a non-Communist Formosa whose independence *can* be guaranteed. Such a guarantee need not require the counter-signature of the Chinese Communists, but it would require endorsement by at least the principal governments which share our control objective of containing Communist expansion.

Ground Rules

MR. NIXON is right: foreign policy ought to be debated during a campaign. He is correct that,

> in the case of the Senate we are electing men who are going to make policy and people are entitled to know whether a Senator, for example, believes that Communist China should be admitted to the UN or that it should not be admitted.

But, as usual, Mr. Nixon confuses the issue. No one is suggesting that Republican leaders are not within their rights (it is in fact their duty) to defend the foreign policies of this Administration. What has been said is that the debate ought to be directed to the substance of those policies and the manner in which they are being carried out.

It is doubtful whether there is even immediate partisan advantage in substituting dark innuendoes for argument. Whose interest is served by the Vice President's and the Republican National Chairman's repeated inference that the Democratic Party is the war party? Or, taking an example from the Democratic side, how many voters of New York does Carmine DeSapio think are going to believe the humbug that Nelson Rockefeller ("Who smiles benignly upon them to mask his contempt") is fronting for "the international oil cartel which seeks, through him to capture control of our state and ultimately our nation?"

Neuberger on Tax Cuts

SEN. RICHARD NEUBERGER'S letter, published in our October 20 issue and questioning our attitude on the merits of the defeated tax cut bill, minimizes the importance of timing in fiscal policy. We think that fiscal policy needs to be operated with a clear understanding that it offers to those in the driver's seat both a brake and an accelerator. Last spring, we were urging pressure on the accelerators.

If Senator Neuberger looks back over our editorials, he will note that our advocacy of a quick tax cut in 1958 was based on the importance of rapidly compensating for the economic downturn of the first quarter by making available purchasing power to people who would spend it promptly. We pointed out at the time that many projects such as those which Senator Neuberger advocates were desirable, but that public-works projects are very slow indeed in getting under way, and hence are not practical alternatives to a tax cut for short-term speeding of recovery.

We likewise made it clear that we could see a time ahead, after the leverage of long-range programs began to make its weight felt, when a return to higher tax rates would be necessary as an anti-inflationary measure, or when even firmer brakes might need to be put on.

By the time the tax cut bill came to a vote on June 18, it is true that the decision to be made was a marginal one; we are ready to admit that Mr. Neuberger's sense of timing may have been right. And if the Senator still wants to keep his foot on the brake in the spring of 1959, he may have the support of many who questioned his decision earlier this year.

The Atlanta Bombing

IF, AS NOW seems probable, the dynamiters of the Atlanta Jewish Reform Temple are tried and convicted, it will be the first time anyone has been punished for any of the 83 bombings which have occurred in the South since the Supreme Court's segregation opinion of 1954. Only a handful of suspects have even been arrested.

But the Atlanta case was different. This 83rd incident aroused the President to declare it "shocking and deplorable," and to order the FBI to join the hunt and report to him. The pressure was on everyone concerned to see that the wheels of justice turned rapidly.

But more important, this bombing occurred in perhaps the most civilized city in the South—one which elected a mayor courageous enough to fix responsibility for the incident where it belongs. "Whether they like it or not," was Mayor Hartsfield's first comment, "every rabble-rousing politician is the godfather of the cross-burners and the dynamiters who are giving the South a bad name."

An enlightened press was no handicap either. The editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* wrote that the dynamiting

> is the harvest of defiance of courts and the encouragement of citizens to defy law on the part of many Southern politicians.
>
> It is not possible to preach lawlessness and restrict it.

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To be sure, none said go bomb a Jewish temple or a school.

But let it be understood that when leadership in high places in any degree fails to support constituted authority, it opens the gates to all those who wish to take law into their hands.

Federal support for vigorous law enforcement was of tremendous importance at a critical time in Atlanta—even with its relatively high stage of advancement. It would be even more vital anywhere else in the South. But the FBI entered the Atlanta case only on order of the President, and with great reluctance. In the long succession of bombings, Attorney General Rogers and J. Edgar Hoover have maintained that the FBI had no jurisdiction, that they were local police problems. The Department of Justice will always provide technical and advisory help on request, but it refused even to send an official representative when the mayors and police chiefs of 29 Southern cities met last May to make joint plans to deal with the bombings. And it blocked efforts in the last Congress to enact a law, along the lines of the Lindbergh kidnapping law, to give the FBI full investigatory powers in cases of dynamiting.

If the Atlanta trials develop strong evidence that the bombings are part of an interstate conspiracy, the Department of Justice may drop its reluctance. (Investigators have said that when this case is solved they believe it will reveal a pattern of over-all control of similar incidents in Florida, Tennessee and other Southern states.) If not, we can surely expect the new Congress to change the law so that there can be no doubt about the FBI's powers to intervene.

From the *L. A. Times*

NO HISTORY of our investigative age will be complete that doesn't carry as a footnote the following September 25 AP dispatch from San Diego, California:

> The Republican County Central Committee today was in favor, by a 10-8 vote, of investigating Republicans who endorse Democratic candidates or contribute to advertisements supporting them. The vote was at the request of William K. Shearer, Republican State Assembly candidate, who said his Democratic opponent, incumbent Sheridan Hegland, was endorsed in a newspaper advertisement by several Republicans.

NEXT WEEK

Australian Far Eastern expert DENIS WARNER writes from Taipeh on "The Prospects for an Independent Formosa."

Cuba—An Election That Decides Nothing

Havana

CUBA'S presidential elections are scheduled for November 3, and although they may still be called off, all along the Malecon, the magnificently beautiful drive through Havana that runs along the Gulf, the loudspeakers are blaring for their candidates. Hot Afro-Cuban records alternate with the recorded shouts of the paid partisan. But the people do not seem interested, which is strange, since few people take their politics as seriously as the Cubans. Perhaps they sense that regardless of whether this election is fairly run or not, it will accomplish little. The civil war will go on.

Of the three candidates running for president, one is an aging clown named Grau who has been in Cuban politics ever since 1933, when he helped engineer the overthrow of the Machado regime. Grau was actually indicted—rare in Cuba—for the theft of $150 million while serving his term as president. He lives in the Miramar area of Havana, one of the most beautiful sections in a city of beautiful suburbs, in a half million dollar mansion that he cynically refers to as his "hut." The Cuban people, whose sense of humor is profound, enjoy the joke on themselves, but they know better than to elect him again. The second candidate, Marquez Sterling, is a well-meaning man, a lawyer, colorless; he hasn't a prayer. This leaves President Batista's candidate, Riverro Aguerro, who is not strong enough to be anything but Batista's pawn.

☆

One thing should be made clear: although the president cannot succeed himself according to the Cuban constitution, Cuba has by no means seen the last of Batista. He has, according to conservative estimates of what he was able to acquire while in office, between $300 million and $400 million. His ambition is not boundless. But the very things he has done to get where he is, and to stay there, will not let him quit. His partners, most of them army men like himself, know that he is the spine that supports them and that once he goes, they go too.

Batista's ascendancy to power was by machination and daring, not by brutal force. One of a junta—while only a sergeant—who ousted Machado, Batista was able to deliver the entire army of the enlisted men without firing a shot. When the officers fled and holed themselves up in the fortress-like Nacional Hotel in Havana, Batista in his first and last skirmish took charge and distinguished himself, but not before first providing a few comic touches. He brought up the one and only warship equipped with large millimeter shells and began to shell the hotel. But the enlisted men did not know how to aim, and Batista was forced to stop when

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pleas from as far away as 20 blocks told him that he was tearing up downtown Havana. He thereupon laid siege to the hotel and after 20 hours the officers got hungry and surrendered.

While the new junta was floundering around, changing presidents as often as every 12 days, Batista very quietly set about building up the army as an instrument of his personal power. During his first term as president, Batista consolidated his power, giving the military life and death power over the citizenry. By the time his term was up nearly everyone—except the army—was disgusted with him. The people thereup elected Grau, and Batista gathered up his millions and went into temporary retirement in Daytona Beach, Florida. For every million appropriated for public works, another million went into Grau's personal pocket. His hand was in every till—from sugar cane and rum distilleries to gambling and prostitution. His successor, Dr. Prio Soccarras, was only credited with stealing $100 million. Toward the end of Soccarras' term Batista once again announced his candidacy for the office of president, and before an election could be held he seized office in another bloodless coup. That was in 1950, and Batista has been top dog ever since.

Under his direction industry has grown by leaps and bounds. The pulp from the sugar cane, once considered little more than waste, is now being converted into paper in a huge multi-million dollar plant, and may soon become as important a source of income as sugar itself. Rice, one of the staples of the Cuban diet, used to be imported almost exclusively. Now more and more Cubans eat domestic rice, the revenue remaining right here. The tuna industry, never more than a sideline, is growing, thanks to government help. The businessmen, reluctantly, are for Batista, but they know he is going to have to go before there is any real peace. And the one thing the Cuban businessman wants more than anything is peace. Yet there seems to be no prospect of peace short of a showdown between the government and the rebel forces of Fidel Castro. Castro is no common bandit anxious for a crack at the spoils, and the Cuban people know this. His revolution has its roots in the feelings of Cubans from all strata, not merely the insulted and the injured. But Castro's task seems almost Herculean, not merely because of the strength and ability of his opponent, Batista, but because of the weakness and corruption of some who are supporting him in his fight.

☆

If Castro is killed he will become a martyr and the revolution will go on, with many self-seeking forces trading on his name. If he succeeds he will himself have to become a dictator to repress both the Batista forces of the Army and those unscrupulous elements in his own camp. In either case the birth of a free Cuba, which this tremendously appealing people seems so ready for and deserving of, is still beyond the horizon. It is coming, but it will be a birth frought with pain.

ONOFRE DALLAS, JR.

Fifth in a Series

New Faces

HART

PHILIP A. HART—Governor G. Mennen Williams' remarkable success in Michigan is normally attributed to Walter Reuther—or to the folksy Williams way at country fairs and polka frolics. Williams rarely gets credit for his skill as an organization man. Yet Democratic staying power in Michigan depends perhaps most of all on a broad-based party organization built during the Williams decade. Unlike most politicians, Williams doesn't obey the Commandment: thou shalt have no other politicians before thee. Instead he goes out of his way to give "big" men plenty of elbow room. One obvious example is State Supreme Court Justice George Edwards, who was the coming man in Michigan Democratic politics when the little-known Williams won his first term in 1948. Edwards lost his bid to go from President of the Detroit Council to Mayor in 1949, whereupon Williams, as Governor, helped him to his present statewide eminence by the appointment route. Other examples are able Party chairman Neil Staebler; Secretary of State James Hare; Lieutenant-Governor candidate John Swainton—and the very likeable and intelligent man Swainton hopes to succeed as Williams' second-in-command, Senatorial candidate Philip A. Hart.

Like Williams, Hart, 45, is a rich man whose appeal lies partly in the fact that he's not in it for what he can get financially. But while Williams grew up in a Republican family and had to be converted to the Democratic faith, Hart's Irish Catholic background in suburban Philadelphia was also a Democratic background; his father, an Irish immigrant's son, was president of a Bryn Mawr bank and a Democrat at a time—Wilson's time—when Protestant Main Liners were even more solidly Republican than they are now (Hart's father took him to a Democratic national convention when he was 12). At Georgetown University Hart was student body president. He roomed with Walter "Spike" Briggs, son of the late Walter O. Briggs, Detroit industrialist and owner of the Detroit Tigers, and in 1943 he married Briggs' sister. The Briggs fortune—estimated at $100 million—is held in trust, divided one-fifth for each child. The bulk of the estate, it is said, will eventually go to the grandchildren—including eight children of Phil and Janie Hart.

Governor Williams and Hart have been friends since

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McCARTHY

MORRISON

Michigan Law School; although a year behind "Soapy," Hart saw a lot of him socially and continued to keep in touch after the war when Williams was getting his political start as a "safe" Democrat on the Liquor Control Commission and Hart was practicing law in Detroit. While Hart contributed $500 to Williams' 1948 primary campaign, he was not yet active politically and was not one of the original dozen-odd Williams backers who organized the '48 upset. But when Williams took over as Governor he made Hart, in one of his early appointments, the state's Corporation and Securities Commissioner. Williams subsequently promoted him first as an unsuccessful candidate for Secretary of State, then as his personal legal aide, and finally as a winning candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in 1954. When Arthur Vandenberg's death gave Williams a chance to appoint a Senator —the appointment which ultimately went to the late Blair Moody—Hart and Justice Edwards were both seriously-considered alternatives.

Williams' decision this year to run for a sixth term (that is, to be a Governor at the time of the '60 Democratic convention) was followed by his choice of Hart for the Senate nomination.

For all their close working relationship, Hart and Williams represent fundamentally different political styles. "Soapy" can hit hard, and on the issues he's passionate. Hart's shyness muffles the issues. "He's terribly concerned about the other fellow's point of view," says a prominent Detroit Democrat, "and people like him for it." Hart's campaign against incumbent Republican Charles Potter is sweetly reasonable considering Potter's anti-Reuther slant—Hart saying, in effect, that much can be said for the Republican position, but it *is*, regrettably, a darker shade of gray than the Democratic approach which he personally prefers.

There's nothing contrived about Hart's mildness. His public and private personalities are at one. What he says always seems to be based on fair-minded consideration; and he carries his convictions where they do the most good. At the recent 50th anniversary of a real estate board, he told his starchy audience that an auspicious start for the next 50 would be the opening of all housing to purchase by people of all races and creeds. "He ends up on the right side of every issue;" but he invariably suggests a Stevensonian torment which can be at times engaging or at times—to fellow Democratic campaigners —exasperating. "He literally apologizes for being alive," observed one candidate as Hart characteristically thanked his audience for "suffering through this," or "letting me impose on you."

Hart's warmth gets through especially well on television. Unlike Williams, who's at his best striding into a roomful of strangers and grabbing for a hand, Hart is most effective in the relatively protected TV studio. But he grows increasingly self-assured and he's campaigning tirelessly in a year when unemployment favors the Democrats in Michigan. He is expected to win easily despite Potter's appeal as a legless veteran (Hart incidentally has a Purple Heart and a 60-percent disability rating for a D-Day mortar burst on his right arm). No one in Congress will have a bad word to say about Hart: he'll be one of the "club," and all the more effective for it as a "Williams-in-'60" advance man.

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY does not have the Marine toughness of Minnesota's Governor Freeman, nor the kaleidoscopic interests and energy of Hubert Humphrey. What he does have in rare combination is a deep sense of humanity, sensitivity to the requirements of political maneuver, education, courage and charm. Though he is given a slight edge in his campaign for the US Senate, he must overcome two obstacles that do not handicap other Minnesota candidates riding the Democratic tide: his opponent, Republican Edward Thye, is not a black reactionary (seven pluses against three minuses in this journal's recent voting tally), and McCarthy is a Roman Catholic of part-Irish descent in a state neither predominantly Irish nor Roman Catholic. There's no way of knowing how much Minnesotans are influenced by anti-Catholic whispers, but there's no doubt, as Doris Fleeson writes, that "in both parties there are Catholics waiting watchfully in the wings while Minnesota counts its ballots."

Twenty years ago, when he left college, McCarthy spent a year as a novice for the Benedictine Order and seriously considered becoming a monk; he decided instead to devote himself as a layman to the social-action Catholicism inspired by the Papal Encyclicals. Before entering politics he was a professor at St. Thomas College in St. Paul (Sociology and Economics) and has a scholar's competence in Thomist philosophy.

Thye's chance for keeping the Minnesota Democratic trend at a safe distance apparently lies in the positive fact that he has a good Scandinavian name, comes from the country town of Northfield—and, it is often argued, has "done his best" about Benson. Nearly one thousand billboards across the state emblazon Thye's name without any reference to the GOP. McCarthy taunts Thye on this score, gently belittling him at the same time for his hot-and-cold attitude toward Benson (Thye supported Ben-

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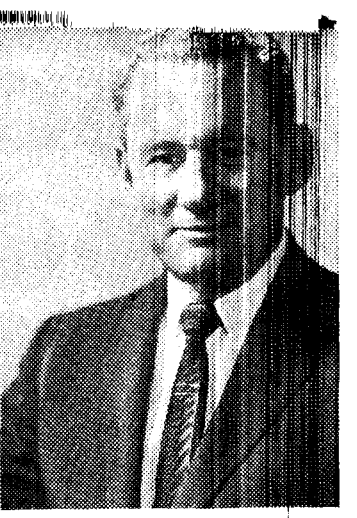
son in the early days) and the Rural Electrification Administration (Thye's support has been equivocal on REA issues not affecting Minnesota).

McCarthy's greatest source of campaign strength is that he's been in the House of Representatives since 1948—thus he has a record he can compare with Thye's. With the help of Sam Rayburn, McCarthy moved from one major committee assignment to another—Agriculture, Ways and Means, Banking and Currency, Interior and Insular Affairs. He has twice served on the US delegation to NATO. He is respected in the House not only as an unusually educated legislator but as one whose erudition is humanized by a relaxed but ever-present humor. (Sample: "I've heard that Sherman Adams did the work of three men. We knew he did the President's, and of course he did his own, but I've never known who the third man was.") "He is incisive," says a newsman, "and he has a totally uncluttered mind, sometimes uncluttered to the distraction of his associates." McCarthy sets his own pace, writes his own speeches, and is his own campaign strategist. And he has courage. At the height of the McCarthy period he introduced legislation to permit "security risks" to serve in non-sensitive jobs. He had to answer in his '52 campaign for his belief (declared in a radio forum) that students of university age didn't need to be protected from Communist professors. As this journal observed in urging his nomination last spring, "he has brought into his public life special qualities that would give the label 'Senator McCarthy' a wondrously ironic new sheen."

FRANK B. MORRISON—The ghost of the late Republican George Norris is being called forth in his home state of Nebraska today not by the GOP but by a struggling Democratic minority. Senatorial candidate Frank Morrison is not given much chance to upset far-right Republican Roman Hruska, but Morrison's Senate candidacy (like that of other Democrats such as House candidate Lawrence Brock in the Third District) has generated the most Democratic energy in Nebraska since Roosevelt's second-term campaign in '36. Morrison (now 53) recalls that as a young Democratic leader he supported Norris in his last successful campaign (as an independent). He has been president of the Norris Memorial Foundation since 1950 and appeals in Norris' name to GOP liberals—defining a liberal Republican as "one who believes in public power development, rural electrification, conservation of our natural resources, and the basic philosophy of George Norris." Hruska, says Morrison, always votes with the power trusts, against REA, and for flexible farm price supports "despite the fact that they're good only for the grain speculator."

Morrison is one of the leaders of the "New Life" group which began to challenge Nebraska Democratic old-liners eight years ago and gained its greatest influence

McGEE



ENGLE

when Estes Kefauver—with Morrison as his manager—won the '52 Nebraska primary. The split occasioned by the rise of the "New Life" group at first weakened the party, but this year, at least, all factions are working together. Nebraska Democrats don't get the organized support of a politically-active Farmers Union as Democrats do in some other Midwestern states; the closest thing to bloc Democratic voters are 60,000-odd unionists in Omaha, and Morrison understandably bids for Republican votes as his only hope for success. He calls Hruska (and his fellow GOP Senator Carl Curtis) "a splinter party under the GOP label" in view of his open breaks with the President. He argues that Hruska and Curtis won't help Nebraska in dealing with either the present Administration or a Democratic Congress.

When Hruska condemned the President's UN speech on the Middle East, Morrison praised the President for respecting "the aspirations of the Arab people." In the campaign he has proposed a world economic development program which would include inventories of the import and export potential of all non-Communist nations. The Democratic trend in nearby Midwest states gets him attention. But livestock prices are good, and the recession hasn't hit most Nebraskans hard. Should Morrison nevertheless surprise everyone and get to the Senate, he would not be far in his votes from Humphrey and Kennedy, whom he mentions as his favorite Senators.

DALE W. MCGEE of Wyoming is another Senatorial candidate to whom Norris was a boyhood idol in Nebraska. But McGee is a novelty as a Midwestern or mountain state candidate: his foremost concern is foreign policy and he is an eloquent and candid internationalist. Since his arrival in 1946 at the University of Wyoming (after a University of Chicago doctorate), McGee, a 43-year-old professor of American history, has become one of the biggest lecture attractions in the state. He and his wife directed a tour group of business and professional men to the Soviet Union in 1956; he believes "we have let the military get too intertwined with foreign policy."

Wyoming is rocky terrain for any candidate, with a small and scattered population (350,000) accustomed to

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politicians ambling up creeks and gulches to shake hands. Incumbent Republican Frank Barrett is, at 65, an accomplished "pro" whose one term in the Senate (he defeated Joseph O'Mahoney in '52), four terms as Congressman-at-Large and one term as Governor have endeared him to the Union Pacific Railroad, cattle and sheep ranchers, and oilmen. Barrett is bragging about federal projects that he claims to have brought to Wyoming, including a $100 million launching base for ICBM's near Cheyenne. (The people of Cheyenne, a mountain-state newsman observes wryly, "have not paused to reflect that location of this base there means that Cheyenne would be wiped out within 30 minutes of the beginning of World War III; they see only booming payrolls.")

McGee is attacking Barrett as an "avowed isolationist" and says that, for all Barrett's claims, he hasn't done for Wyoming what Democrat O'Mahoney did with his pipelines into the White House in Democratic Administrations; Barrett, he says, isn't "in" with the modern Republicans. McGee served as O'Mahoney's administrative assistant for a year (1955-56) and has 74-year-old O'Mahoney's support—which isn't as vigorous as it would have been in earlier years.

CLAIR ENGLE is an effective parliamentary operator—whose skill has usually served good causes in the House, but whose intellectual horizons haven't broadened much during his 15 years in Washington. The once-arid California "cow counties" that Engle has represented so single-mindedly need water and more water: Engle, squeezing from the Congress nearly $700 million federal aid for the Central Valley (and vigorously countering Administration "partnership" policies) has become the leading "public power liberal" in Congress. He has also been consistently sympathetic to malodorous internal-security bills—beginning with the McCarran Act in 1950 (he voted both for the bill and then to override Truman's veto) and running right up to the move in July to amend the Supreme Court's Mallory ruling. "In the Senate," says a California newsman, "I would expect him to work in excellent harmony with Lyndon Johnson on most issues." Each would respect the other's efficiency. Engle is well-known as a flambuoyant individualist who flies his own plane and borrows figures of speech—unpredictably and interchangeably—from Shakespeare (he's said to read and reread the tragedies) and from the worlds of the aviator and cow-puncher in which he is at home. He will tell a witness who is talking too fast to "throw down your flaps and land"; he'll admonish a long-winded colleague for "baying like a banshee," and then speak to a journalist of "a Macedonian cry for help" from a politician in trouble.

Engle told an interviewer recently that he got into politics because his father—a cattle-rancher who became both a lawyer (without going to law school) and a teacher—"was always puttin' Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and such up to me." He grew up in the days when a number of central California ranchers—including Fred Engle—were fighting a protracted legal battle against the land manipulations of the old Northern California Power Company. Clair considered West Point and a military career but finally went on from Chico State College to Hastings Law School. Barely 23, he was elected district attorney of Tehama County; eight years later he was in the State Senate and then, eight months after that, a member of the House after a special election to fill the unexpired term of a veteran GOP representative.

The fact that the Second District—third largest in the country, 450 miles north to south—had been Republican for 17 years and that Engle has always won both the GOP and Democratic nominations under California's cross-filing primaries, is a tip-off to his record. A *Saturday Evening Post* writer, looking ahead in 1955 to a future Senate candidacy, observed that Engle was effective in part because he "does not pose as a partisan Democrat. . . . As a political moderate of unchallenged integrity, he might well be more appealing than the professional liberals and tainted candidates so often put up by the Democrats in California." There's no question, at the same time, that Engle's record has grown increasingly Democratic as his district—and California—has. With the exception of his vote for the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947, he has on most occasions paralleled labor's line; on civil rights and "welfare" issues he votes with Northern liberals. He has not yielded to oil-lobby pressures (this year he is said to have declined $25,000 from Texas' Clint Murchison), and he has supported reciprocal trade and, by and large, foreign aid. Here, however, it is significant that he voted last year against the provision of the aid bill creating the Development Loan Fund. In the present campaign Engle is paying more attention to the issues (behaving more like a "partisan Democrat") than gubernatorial running mate Edmund G. "Pat" Brown in his pursuit of Hearst endorsements. In July he outlined a comprehensive Middle East program, emphasizing the need for a regional development authority. Two weeks ago he proposed that the United Nations be given responsibility for resolving the Quemoy controversy. He's willing to hear a variety of advice, and keeps on friendly terms with all Democratic elements in California—including the more liberal "Clubs." "But selling Engle on new ideas," concludes one knowledgeable California Democrat, "especially in areas like foreign policy where he feels insecure, is not an easy process. He prefers to wait and see what the Democratic leadership in Congress will do."

This is the fifth in a series of six reports on candidates. Next week The New Republic *will conclude with comment on some of the gubernatorial candidates and the implications their elections may have for the Presidential race in 1960: Gaylord Nelson (Wis.), J. Howard Edmondson (Okla.), Michael V. DiSalle (Ohio), David Lawrence (Pa.), and Edmund G. Brown (Calif.).*

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The Superficial Aspect

The Artist's Mirror

AT DARTMOUTH COLLEGE a couple of weeks ago, I saw for the first time the series of Orozco murals depicting the history of Mexico. I came away somewhat stupefied and with a slightly different conception of the place of John Foster Dulles in the scheme of things.

Also, I viewed Dartmouth from a new slant. Ancient and wise, it is outwardly among the most impeccably correct of educational institutions. Its campus is serene and beautiful—in October it is glorious. Yet behind that staid exterior there must be a streak of wild recklessness in Dartmouth. The murals are one indication of it; another is the occasion of my presence there, the Great Issues Course through which the senior class is exposed to God knows what contamination by seeing on the platform any odd character who seems to have an idea, without prior commitment as to what he shall say or refrain from saying. Priscilla Alden, daintily and demurely investigating the construction and use of hand grenades—that's Dartmouth.

To return to the murals, they are a record of American foreign policy written without the slightest hint of objectivity, written in pure, unadulterated fury. The normal response of an American confronted with these things is a quite simple decision that the fellow is nuts. This may be true, but if so it raises the further question, how did he get that way? An artist is by definition an uncommonly perceptive person, certainly emotionally, perhaps intellectually, usually both. How *could* an extraordinarily perceptive Mexican think about us as Orozco thought when he was painting those murals?

For the American episode in the historical sequence is a thing of sheer horror—fanged faces, prehensile claws scrabbling in a pile of gold pieces, somber robes, cadaverous flesh tones, an atmosphere thick with greed and betrayal that merges easily into the next episode, a satire on the kinship with death of dehumanized scholasticism—skeletons in cap and gown surrounding an operating table occupied by another skeleton. Denounce it as a libel on the nation if you will, but don't forget that the quality most conspicuous, even blatant, in this painting is sincerity. Orozco believed every line of it; and—be honest now—don't you know why? Before Dwight Morrow, who was of 1927, who ever went from this country to Mexico intent on anything other than punishment or exploitation?

The flat truth is that until very recent years the foreign policy of the United States was to have no foreign policy. Engrossed in our own colossal task of first dominating and then exploiting a continent, we lacked time and energy to devote to making a good appearance before the rest of the world, with the result that we have made a fabulously bad one, especially in those regions which are unable to command respect by their wealth and military power.

Every country in the world has its quota of the predatory, and an important component of an intelligent foreign policy is its method of restraining the native pirates within the bounds of reason, lest they ruin the country's prestige and bring trouble upon it. If you have no foreign policy naturally you have no such method and, equally naturally, you create the kind of impression recorded by Orozco's furious brush.

Then, of course, we proceed to denounce Mr. Dulles, an exercise in which I have participated with some relish. Oh, he had it coming, all right, for in six years he has done little or nothing to build upon, I will not say the foreign policy, but at least the foundation of a foreign policy that he took over from Acheson. Yet if Mr. Dulles had been a merger of John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster and William H. Seward, probably our three best Secretaries of State, still he would have faced formidable difficulty in framing a foreign policy for a nation without the foggiest notion of what the thing looks like, or why one is needed.

So Mr. Dulles is really solitary. Not until it comes home to the average American that his status in the world is that of the singed cat, actually better than he looks, is any Secretary of State likely to receive much popular encouragement in his effort to construct a foreign policy that includes a due regard for appearances. Maybe the intolerable Russians—Molotov, Vishinsky, Gromyko and, recently, Khrushchev—have served us better than they wished by compelling us to view ourselves through alien eyes.

THE artist's mirror is a fantastically distorted one; but if you ask who distorted it, the answer is likely to prove embarrassing. Yet the sooner we make up our minds to learn exactly what we look like from the other side of the border, the sooner we may hope to devise a foreign policy that will be at least intelligent and probably successful. For the American really is better than he looks; and if he ever realizes the shabbiness of his appearance, he is capable of doing something about it with great speed.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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American Culture
In Search of Angels

The Tune-Callers

A REVIEW of current methods of financing the various institutions that express American culture — the teaching arts, the performing arts, the creative arts— shows that increasingly they have been supported less by magnificent (and munificent) individual patrons than by gifts that are the result of group decisions. More and more frequently their money comes in the form of grants from foundations, corporations, municipal councils, federal agencies and private non-profit associations of citizens of middle income—plus fees from the ultimate consumer, from students, audiences, collectors, tourists.

But accumulation of these new sources of support is still in its early stages. The average check received by educational institutions with organized plans for annual alumni giving is not much over $35. There have been only two years in which corporations have set aside for tax-exempt purposes as much as 1.24 percent of the five percent of net income that is tax deductible; of that amount, not more than one-third goes to education, and very much less to other cultural activities. The foundations are barely beginning to enter an area of which the Rockefeller Foundation's annual report for 1956 says:

> There are many reasons for believing that the role of the arts in American society is changing, that the changes are potentially for the better, and that new patterns of support for the arts may need to be pioneered in the United States.

When the New York Metropolitan Opera Company visits Washington, it comes in a special train, and even less august companies require elaborate bus-and-truck caravans. For the Philadelphia Orchestra's current tour of Eastern and Western Europe, the cost of transportation alone was estimated at $185,000, with the gross cost of the trip itself expected to approach half a million dollars —even with the Soviet-bloc countries footing the expenses within their borders. The New York Philharmonic's extensive South American tour was expected to cost more than half a million dollars, with $240,000 required just to move its men, music and instruments.

Thus it seems clear that much of the future of creative art that is costly in the United States is going to depend on board room decisions, which raises the question of the degree to which quality is compatible with compromise. Daring is not a normal characteristic of boards. In a city council, members considering art projects will also be thinking of the next election. Corporation executives confronted with cultural appeals are conscious also of their company's customer appeal. Foundation directors are mindful of their sources of funds and tax-exempt status and of the damage done by "unfortunate publicity."

Moreover, the directorates of most of these institutions were chosen when few grants were being made to the arts. If voters, consumers or sponsors are to be the major determinants of the use of funds accumulated under collective auspices, a safety-first policy is likely to emerge which will be unlikely to underwrite great art. Those who wish to create while exercising the right to starve may continue to try the untried, and after a while some of them may gain acceptance. But meanwhile, the major efforts of American civilization will express less the agony of culture than the pleasantness of kitsch.

That is the risk. It is not necessarily the prospect. Once entered into the field of culture, it is possible that the emboldened boards may adopt, and gain public acceptance for certain ground rules that can combine a qualitative output with quantitative support.

One of these would be the granting of stipends without strings attached to individual artists, coupled with the awareness that many of the greatest artists have had dubious morals and little or no judgment in the affairs, economic and political, of the world. The long-standing practice by corporations of providing grants-in-aid to student-artists in their developmental stages is precedent for such awards.

The other principle grows out of an analysis of the art audience in the United States. If art is to be a force in the life of a people, the people must have a chance to experience it, and to express preferences.

THE art impresarios in America — gallery managers, booking agents, movie magnates — hold the hoops through which the artist must now jump if he is to find an audience on the other side. These hoops are tied to Hoopers, and to the impresarios' confidence in their own assessments of public desires. Yet in a country where a Carnegie Hall debut is like the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval, where everyone wanted to hear Van Cliburn because he won Moscow's top prize, collective support will enable an untried artist to meet an audience and provide opportunities otherwise unavailable to both.

In the course of the last generation, the near completion of the American thrust toward a higher standard of living in terms of mechanical equipment may well mean that the interests of the next few generations may turn increasingly to participation in and appreciation of the creative life. If the resources which are collected from the material wealth of large numbers of people can be sensitively channeled, the individual art patron of the past may find, in both taste and counterpart, a modern collective counterpart.

HELEN HILL MILLER

[*This is the last of seven articles on the financing of American culture.*]

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Eggheads and Politics

by LEON KEYSERLING

RECENT WRITERS in *The New Republic,* commencing with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., on September 15 ("The Death Wish of the Democrats"), have discussed the egghead's contribution to politics and especially Democratic politics. But only the surface has been scratched thus far.

First of all, how valid is Mr. Schlesinger's thesis that by excluding intellectuals and "creative" liberalism, the Democratic Party is "blowing out its own brains"?

1. In support of this thesis, Mr. Schlesinger says that the Party in the 1920's was a "dreary alliance of Northern city bosses and Southern Bourbons," that Roosevelt and the New Deal "transformed" this situation, and that Mr. DeSapio in New York and others elsewhere are now part of a "revolt" against this splendid transformation. I had thought that, at the level of practical political operations, Roosevelt's New Deal victories in Congress (not to speak of his electoral victories on domestic issues in 1932 and 1936) were forged of this "dreary alliance," and that FDR lost his power to put through domestic legislation *circa* 1937, when the Southerners in Congress withdrew their support.

2. Mr. Schlesinger says that Al Smith's Liberty League affiliation after 1933 "showed the feebleness of even the best of the Party whose [Presidential] nominee he was in 1928." But I had thought that this same "feeble" Party had nominated FDR for Vice President in 1920, when it also nominated the highly literate and then liberal (pro-League of Nations) James M. Cox for President. In the state of New York, about which Mr. Schlesinger is now particularly worried, the same "feeble" party in 1928 nominated FDR for Governor and Herbert H. Lehman for Lieutenant-Governor. In the same state, the great Robert F. Wagner was first nominated for the United States Senate in 1926. Turning from history to logic, I suppose that James F. Byrnes might now be deemed as conservative as Al Smith appeared to be when he joined the Liberty League. Does this demonstrate retroactively the "feebleness of the best" of the Democratic Party at the time when Roosevelt made Byrnes his chief lieutenant in the Senate, then made him a Justice of the Supreme Court, and after that made him a forerunner —and much better version—of Sherman Adams during World War II?

3. In addition to Senator Wagner (who was neither an Ivy League man nor an egghead, but who climbed straight up the political ladder from boyhood without skipping a single rung), the men whom the Democratic Party in New York State nominated and elected to the Senate during the height of the New Deal were Royal S. Copeland and James M. Mead. They were both good men and true, and my respect for their records is genuine. But assuredly they were not eggheads, and there are no indications that Mr. Finletter would have received the Party preferences had he then been available. I must add that Mr. Finletter was *my* preference for this year, but that is beside the point. So much for New York. As for Connecticut and Pennsylvania, to which Mr. Schlesinger also calls attention, I cannot recall that a majority of the Democratic Senators from these states during the early New Deal were a composite of Messrs. Benton, Bowles and Dilworth. I hasten to add that these three men are also among *my* favorites, but again this is beside the point. The Democratic Party today, and the role of the liberals in it, *may* be different from a generation ago, but Mr. Schlesinger's evidence to this effect is not very convincing.

What is important is not that so brilliant and accurate an historian as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., may have taken a temporary holiday from his discipline. It is that his article in *The New Republic* raises implicitly the whole issue of the appropriate and feasible role of the intellectual concerned with the substance of political programs.

LET us return for guidance to the early New Deal era. I was in Washington then, in a spot where it was easy to observe what was going on. There were indeed some New Deal intellectuals who dabbled and squabbled, and even connived, with respect to the choice of candidates for Governor, Senator, and even perhaps the Presidency. This they were perfectly entitled to do. But I can think of few, if any, of the bold economic and social measures of the early New Deal which shot from the fer-

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LEON KEYSERLING, *consulting economist and attorney and president of the Conference on Economic Progress, was chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers 1950-53. His experience in government began as assistant to Sen. Herbert Lehman and has included work on legislation relating to housing, social security, banking and currency, public works, labor relations and unemployment. He is presently a member of the Advisory Committee on Economic Policy of the Democratic Advisory Council.*

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tile brains of these gentlemen. Quite to the contrary, some of the most important of these measures were originated by New Deal era intellectuals who did not concern themselves with who got nominated for what, and who remained so much in the background that they may not receive much space in the best histories of the New Deal.

I do not imply that intellectual innovators cannot, when they are uniquely gifted, successfully combine their intellectual activity with embroilment in more proximate political maneuvers. When they can, so much the better. But I do mean to say that this combination is not their most likely *forte*, and that when they attempt it they usually lose more than they gain. This is because the embroilment itself distracts them from the work which is their special challenge and responsibility. If it be true that the Democratic Party of today is programmatically as much behind the New Deal as Mr. Schlesinger believes —which I do not personally feel—the fault seems to me not to rest primarily with the political nominees or officeholders. The trouble, primarily, is that these nominees and officeholders have had no sufficient source from which to draw the inspiration and ideas which many of them seek.

THIS brings us to the most important point of all. If there has recently been a shortfall of creative liberalism in America, it has not been primarily on the straight political, but rather on the intellectual, or egghead, level. I take as illustrations Mr. Schlesinger himself, and also John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard, whose ideas seem rather closely allied to Mr. Schlesinger's. This selection seems fair enough, since there are probably no two eggheads writing about public affairs who are more widely read, influential, gifted and useful. It does embarrass me somewhat to say what I am going to, for I regard these men as two of my best friends, and my admiration for them is immense. But the cause may be worth the pain. Besides, my two good friends have on occasion swung their intellectual cudgels lustily against some of the cherished ideas of some of their friends, and one of their largest merits is that they are aware of the public and private good to be served from doing this on occasion. The method I shall follow is to state what seems to me a defensible liberal position on a few key issues, and then examine what my two friends have said on these issues.

In my view, foreign policy, and especially foreign economic policy, is or should be the dominant concern of American liberalism today. The recent observation of Mr. Nehru, that the gap is widening in the world between the living standards of the few who have and the many who have not, is statistically correct. It is also of supreme human and political importance to us in the United States. For even if we avoid atomic holocaust, which we shall have a far better chance of doing if we correct this gross inequity than if we do not, we would nonetheless in the course of time become an isolated system surrounded by an ever-rising wall of totalitarianism, if the dictatorships should help to raise the living standards of the underdeveloped peoples outside their own borders much more than we do.

Our default on this score is stupendous. The percentage of our total national product which has been flowing in recent years into international economic cooperation and assistance is by now so imperceptible that one blushes to mention it. And while this decline has many roots, the debate as to how much we can do overseas has been almost entirely in terms of the effect upon our domestic economy. In this context, a high rate of economic growth at home would not *per se* provide the will to spend abroad, but it would at least provide the means and some better foundation for popular assent for what we need to do.

For example, a high rate of economic growth (about five percent annual average) from the start of 1958 through the end of 1964 would yield about $400 billion more of national product for the seven-year period as a whole, or an average of nearly $60 billion more per year, than if we continued the low annual average rate of economic growth (somewhat above two percent) registered during the period 1953-57 and which has meant a gradually rising level of chronic unemployment of manpower and plant. Past experience, and especially current productivity developments, indicate that a higher growth rate is entirely feasible in relative peacetime. If we allocated even 5 or 10 percent of this high-growth increment to our overseas economic responsibilities, we could without feeling any pinch at home carry forward the most ambitious international economic programs envisaged by the best-informed. There is nothing "extreme" about this objective; it has frequently been expressed by outstanding Republican businessmen, outstanding labor leaders, and Democratic public servants.

But Galbraith's new book, *The Affluent Society*, fairly read as a whole, has been written virtually as if there were no economic world outside of the United States; in fact, he sometimes uses the phrase "in an affluent world." He ridicules those who stress the rapid expansion of American production as a high priority, on the ground that we are already "affluent." But in fact we are far from sufficiently affluent, even at home, to justify this derision. And even if we were later to achieve at home everything that we need and want, or think we need and want, it would not do for us to become an island of indescribable plenty surrounded by oceans of deprivation and envy. If we should for the first time in history register a technological breakthrough which could help enormously to erase the worst poverty from the face of the earth, should we not use this capacity to the full?

But in the May 3, 1956, issue of *The Reporter*, Mr. Schlesinger seemed to have argued that liberals should be wary of attending to international duties until America itself has been made a shining example for the world to

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follow. I grant that we have plenty to do at home; but the attitude of the rest of the world toward us must be affected at least as much by what we do with or to them as by what we do for ourselves. In fairness to Mr. Schlesinger, his idea about going slow on the international front probably reflected his view of practical strategy for the 1956 political campaign. But when the egghead gets preoccupied with this kind of business, he is not keeping his own store. His big job is to discover what programs are of vital national importance and why, and then to try to persuade the political spokesmen—and through them the country—accordingly.

Domestically, in addition to civil rights and civil liberties, the two prime political problems of our times, it seems to me, are: the vast impoverishment of millions of our citizens even today in their private economic lives and the vast impoverishment of our public services—relative to our current actual national wealth and product, and far more so relative to our current and rapidly growing technological potentials.

WHAT does Professor Galbraith have to say on these matters? With respect to private property, Chapter 23 of *The Affluent Society* says that it is "no longer a *massive* (italics mine) affliction" in the US. The statistics supporting this assertion are limited to those families with annual incomes *below $1,000*. He says that such poverty is of the "case" variety, attributable mostly to individual shortcomings, or "insular" poverty, due largely to the desire of people to stay in the locality of their birth. The remedy for most of this, he says, is in more public services like health and education, so that the next generation may not suffer for the sins of their fathers. Based on this analysis, Galbraith says that such poverty cannot be reduced much nor quickly enough by over-all economic growth, and consequently that such growth at a high rate is no longer very important.

It is unnecessary at this point to show why this is far too narrow an attack upon even this poorest sector of the American community. For the truly startling thing is Galbraith's identification of the problem itself, which in turn weakens fatally the remedies proposed. For in 1957, we had more than seven million consumer units (multiple-person and single-person families) with annual incomes *below $2,000*, and we had more than 19 million with annual incomes *below $4,000!* An affluent society? Looking only at multiple-person families, there were almost 3.5 million below $2,000 and almost 12 million below $4,000—a figure considerably below that usually established by competent agencies as the bare minimum required today for a healthy and decent standard of living. This comes to *more than a quarter* of all multiple-person families. These families may be living in "affluence" compared with people in India, or compared with an even larger number of people in the US a generation or two ago. *But they are certainly living in poverty by any standard that should have meaning for us today.*

Galbraith's statement (Chapter 8) that social security is "finished or largely finished business" is equally neglectful of the incomes and living conditions of an aged population about *two-thirds* of whom in the case of individuals living alone have money incomes from all sources including social security of less than $1,000 a year, and more than *four-fifths* of whom are below $2,000. Similarly, Arthur Schlesinger, in *The New York Times Magazine* of August 4, 1957, intimates that we have outlived the New Deal in part because we have outlived private poverty in its gross and extensive form.

Now, it is perfectly clear that an expansion of public services such as education and health, while urgently desirable, cannot—in the absence of economic growth—remedy the truly massive problem of private poverty. Better education and better health may awaken the latent productivity and ambitions of a large portion of the poorest. But in the final analysis, their incomes can rise significantly (except for those employed by the government) only through the expansion of those parts of the economy which provide private employment and pay wages and salaries. An increase of almost $17 billion in annual national income would be required to lift all of the multiple-person families now below $4,000 up to even this meager level. While redistributing income might help to correct some inequities, obviously so huge a sum must come predominantly from a rapid increase in total production and total national income. Much of the reduction in private poverty in the past generation has resulted from the extremely high rate of economic growth and full employment during and immediately after World War II, and this occurred despite the heavy take of the war for non-economic purposes. Since 1953, with our over-all economic growth averaging only about half of what it should, there has been considerably less progress toward the lessening of poverty.

FURTHERMORE, all historic experience shows that a low rate of economic growth has had a regressive effect upon income distribution, while a high rate of economic growth has had a progressive effect. So whatever Professor Galbraith may intend, his conclusion that a high rate of economic growth is not of prime importance would give comfort to the view that the further substantial reduction of private poverty in short order is not of prime importance. And his proposals to expand local sales and to acquiesce in a moderately high level of unemployment—which are perhaps the two most important specific proposals in his book—would cramp economic growth, have a highly regressive effect upon income distribution, and perpetuate rather than reduce poverty. (Parenthetically, it is interesting that another distinguished Harvard economist, Arthur Smithies, has just found "evidence that satiety is being approached and that the utility of additional consumption is diminishing." — *Challenge*

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Magazine, October, 1958. He adds that, if the high costs of the Cold War continue, it might be desirable to modify consumer standards rather than to press for the high growth rate which the *Rockefeller Report* urges. Evidently, the problem of poverty is not "massive" in the Widener Library. And on purely economic grounds, there is something remote about economists who want to restrain consumption, when a slightly rising level of total consumption was the main reason why the economic recession did not get much worse, and when consumption will need to rise much faster than it is rising now to reactivate a healthy resumption of business investment in producer facilities and to restore full prosperity—even if public outlays are increased greatly.)

In addition to the families now below $4,000 a year, there are now almost 20 million multiple-person families, *or about 45 percent of the total*, with annual incomes between $4,000 and $7,500. Thus, *almost three-quarters* of all multiple-person families are now below $7,500. Can these families now afford trips abroad, cultural enjoyments, university educations for their children—which those who say we are now so "affluent" regard as modest for themselves? These families need economic growth, and so do those who produce what they buy.

Let us turn to our basic public services, including both national defense and domestic welfare programs. Putting aside national defense, Galbraith's view is that much or even most of the needed domestic expansion should be taken care of, at least for the short run, through the redistribution of the existing expenditures and product, with less going into private consumption and more going into domestic public services. I would agree fully that, at any recent or current level of total national product, some redistribution away from luxuries and toward essential public services would be highly desirable.

But it is too bad that Galbraith has not in his book quantified the amounts of additional domestic public services we need. Had he done so, it would have been shown that to meet these needs reasonably well (while assuring a sufficient level of expenditure for national security and international economic cooperation) our total public outlays—federal, state and local—must be lifted to an annual rate by 1964 of *about $33 billion, or 38 percent, above the recent annual rate*. To attempt to do this primarily by redistribution of expenditures—from private consumption to public needs—rather than primarily through high economic growth, defies history and reason. Any such attempt would knock our whole economy for a loop, and would be unthinkable from the viewpoint of popular and political consent. In contrast, for the whole seven-year period from early 1958 through 1964, a high as against a low rate of economic growth would yield, as already indicated, a differential of about $400 billion in our total national product. About $70 billion of this differential could flow during these seven years into enlarged national security programs, international economic cooperation, and domestic welfare services—housing, education, health. Moreover, granted a high rate of economic growth, adequate total government expenditure would represent a smaller part of our total national product than the starved government expenditures have represented in a retarded economy during recent years. Galbraith's allegation that other liberals have been impervious to our public needs passeth understanding.

We come to the old argument about who pays for all this growth. The method of financing domestic public programs is vital. On this, Galbraith in general argues that needed additional programs cannot be financed mainly out of the federal budget, partly because of the heavy national defense burden, and partly because the new taxation required for this purpose could not be raised because liberals and conservatives would not agree as to who should bear the tax burden. He therefore proposes that the increased domestic public services be financed largely through local sales taxes, covering food and necessities as well as luxuries (chapters 18 and especially 22). How sound is this? In the first place, as already indicated, we probably would not need the additional taxes at all, if we had a high enough rate of economic growth. In the second place, is it wise or expedient to slide over the profoundly basic question of the proper imposition of whatever tax burden we have? And in the third place, is it practical to suggest that this political and social argument of principles of taxation could be reduced by turning the question back to local authorities, or that an attempted resolution of the argument locally would result in more equity or "social balance" than resolution at the federal level?

Even the late Senator Taft, especially in his housing and educational efforts, recognized the equalization principle which imposes upon the federal government heavy and increasing responsibilities. Can we as a nation afford the view that the improvement of education and health services for children in the states bordering on the Gulf of Mexico be no faster than these states can afford? We can find better ways to expand our domestic public services than to take more pennies in sales taxes from the depleted pockets of the poor. And these kinds of sales taxes, by further repressing private consumption among low- and middle-income families, would aggravate the imbalances in our economy which at all times save those associated with war have caused undue economic slack.

The other main proposal contained in the Galbraith book is that we should acquiesce in a moderately high level of unemployment. The reason advanced (chapter 15) is that this is probably the best defense against inflation, the ultimate enemy of "social balance." This has been for years the chief weapon of ultra-conservative groups in their fight against full employment. My answer is that even if it were true that a moderately high level of

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unemployment were one way to repress inflation, I could hardly imagine anything more antithetical to the concept of "social balance" than that the affluent college professor or the wealthy foundation president should enjoy somewhat more price stability at the expense of the unemployed. Nor can I accept the notion that higher unemployment benefits are a tolerable substitute (chapter 21) for the opportunity to use one's talents for constructive purposes, and thus to enjoy full economic as well as political citizenship. From a world-wide perspective, the surrender of the goal of full employment in the United States would stun those elsewhere who properly believe that "the right to work" in its true sense *is* a fundamental human right.

Furthermore, the theory that a moderately high rate of unemployment is conducive to price stability is invalid. Galbraith's statements (chapter 15) that inflation "can occur only when the demands on the economy are somewhat near the capacity of the plant and available labor force to supply them," and is most likely only "when demand is strong and rising, and unemployment below three or four million," seem curiously remote from the actual conditions of 1957-58. For this most recent experience, and in fact all experience save under conditions emerging from war, has demonstrated that high unemployment and economic slack—short of a real depression—produce more price inflation than a high rate of economic growth with very low unemployment. The data on this is abundantly available. And the reasons are clear: a slack use of plant and manpower increases costs per unit, or at least makes costs per unit higher than they would be with reasonably full use of resources, and these increased costs are indeed inflationary. Galbraith is correct in stating that the expansion of production in itself does not prevent inflation, as war experience shows. But such inflation occurred when expanded production and incomes led to civilian buying power growing much faster than goods available for civilian consumption. There is little analogy between such a situation and a sustained and well-balanced program of full employment and full production in relative peacetime.

Moreover, Galbraith's proposal that unemployment benefits be lifted close to the wage level when unemployment becomes relatively high (an eminently desirable proposal on other grounds) would certainly be more inflationary and on all scores less desirable than productive job opportunity for these people. His proposal that unemployment reaches lower levels does not exhibit much "social balance" toward those who remain unemployed, and who are not one whit better off because they are part of a smaller rather than a larger total number of unemployed. This manipulation of the treatment of the unemployed, in the name of economic stabilization, seems to me a mechanistic disregard for the human element.

In *The New York Times* article to which I have already referred, Mr. Schlesinger says that "the economic problem at home seems to be fixed up for the moment." He suggests that "the liberal must recover his deeper roots in the American cultural traditions—in Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, William and Henry James . . . " I am fond of these authors, but insofar as we are concerned with the means for improving the society's translation of liberalism I can hardly imagine a candidate thumping for dear old William James. The liberal's political task is still to discover ways of making available to all Americans better incomes, better housing and health services, better education, more freedom from economic insecurity, and more effective participation by our country in world-wide advance toward peace, freedom and plenty, all of which involve the mobilization of appropriate economic energies through the political process. The concern of the egghead in politics is a social concern. I would let each citizen decide for himself whether he prefers Melville to Mary Roberts Rinehart, or whether he would rather listen to the Fifth Symphony than Elvis Presley.

Mr. Schlesinger goes on to say, also in the same *Times* article, that, while the fight against poverty was the heart of the New Deal, "it has not been the central issue of traditional American liberalism," nor has it been "the heart of Jeffersonian democracy, nor of Jacksonian democracy, nor of the anti-slavery movement, nor of the Progressive movement." I beg to differ; it seems to me that these movements, and Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom as well, were directed toward the improvement of the relative and absolute economic and social status of the common man; they were not interested in what he read.

As I thus contemplate some of the ideas of some of the eggheads, I am mindful of the passages in Schlesinger's magnificent first volume of *The Age of Roosevelt*, which point out how unprepared the most famous of the economist eggheads were to make any substantial contribution to the challenge of those days. His evidence tends to confirm my conviction, growing during the past quarter-century, that I would rather trust a good part of our political programs to the seasoned politicians than to the eggheads. Because they are closer to life, as it is commonly lived, these politicians may be better economists than those who belong to the guild. There are not many seasoned politicians today who advocate a moderately high level of unemployment or more sales taxes on food, or who tell us that we have pretty well gotten over the problem of massive poverty, or that unemployment insurance is ever a desirable substitute for jobs, or even that most of us are sufficiently affluent. Perhaps our political system is not so bad after all. Perhaps we should let the politicians continue to pick the candidates, and let the voters continue to decide who wins. And some of the eggheads, if they are not satisfied with things as they are, might consider afresh whether they might benefit by the words of Cassius: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves."

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Atomic Pioneers

by C. P. Snow

THIS BOOK is an account, somewhere on the frontier between journalism and history, of the discovery of nuclear fission, the manufacture of the first A-bombs and their use on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and the technical and moral controversies about whether H-bombs should be made. Let me say at once, because I want to say some other things, that the book is remarkably good of its kind. I don't know anything of the author, except that he writes in German. From internal evidence, he is not a physicist or engineer, and once or twice he misses a technical trick; on the whole, though, he has done astonishingly well with the scientific parts of the story. Appreciably better, oddly enough, than with the human ones. His general human feeling is strong; he is on the side of the species all right, and one of the qualities that makes the book so attractive is a moral sensibility at the same time delicate and tough. To him, as to a good many of us, the dropping of the first A-bombs remains a traumatic folly and crime, and he produces valuable evidence about what the scientists and politicians and soldiers said in the discussions which preceded it. But he does not show much insight into individual men, and the only psychological portrait that emerges is the singularly unflattering one of Oppenheimer.

Brighter than a Thousand Suns, by Robert Jungk (Harcourt, Brace; $5).

Nevertheless, this is by far the most interesting historical work on the atomic bomb that I know of; it is just because it may be taken as completely authentic that I want to raise some questions. I don't pretend to know the answers to all of them. I suspect that no one does. This is, however, the most important set of events of our age. For the sake of historical justice we ought to get the record straight.

First, I am sure that Dr. Jungk seriously undervalues the contribution of the British, not only in the fundamental scientific work that led up to fission, but also in the development of the bomb. His sources of information appear to have been mainly German, and they have caused him to put several emphases wrong. He gives an idyllic picture of Goettingen in pre-Hitler days, full of sweetness for anyone who knew the place; but he has been induced to believe that the order of importance in nuclear physics between 1920 and 1933 was (1) Goettingen, (2) Copenhagen, (3) Cambridge. That is, to put it mildly, ill-judged. From Dr. Jungk's own list of authorities, he has not collected verbal evidence from any English member of the pre-war Cavendish. He has underplayed how little the refugee scientists in the US were able to do between 1939 and 1941, and how decisive the impact was there of the G. P. Thomson report, based on the English work, in 1941.

He has also, I think, not understood that the attitude of the English scientists at that time was just as simple, and just as morally resolved, as that of the refugees. The English scientists did not need telling what the Third Reich was like. They believed—right up to the invasion of Germany—that Hitler might get the A-bomb first (it is curious how bad the intelligence was). They thought that there was no option but to see that didn't happen. Except for absolute pacifists, I remember no one who took a different view. I think they would all take the same view now. As someone on the periphery, I should still do so myself.

That brings up my second question. Dr. Jungk has interviewed the physicists who remained in Germany, notably Heisenberg and Weizsaecker. Their case, which he accepts, is that they deliberately went slow over the bomb: they were so horrified at the thought of their government having such a weapon, that they pretended to be working on it, but didn't really try. Heisenberg and Weizsaecker are most distinguished scientists, and they deserve to be judged by their equals. I should dearly love to hear what, in the face of that story, their equals say. For years after 1933, they were both, it is fair to recall, not Nazis, but something like Nazi fellow-travellers. Many of us would have behaved supinely, making excuses to ourselves, under such a totalitarian regime: but when one of Dr. Jungk's unnamed German authorities says,

> . . . We were really no better morally and intellectually than our foreign colleagues. But by the time the war began we had already learned from the bitter experience of nearly seven years under Hitler that we had to treat the State and its executive organizations with suspicion and reserve. . . .

that is a good deal more than I can take. It is not decent to blame a man for the kind of cowardice one might have shown oneself: but it is reasonable to expect him not to patronize one afterwards.

THIRD QUESTION: can Dr. Jungk substantiate his most serious allegation against Oppenheimer? He makes it clear that Oppenheimer was not big enough for the events he was taking part in (Oppenheimer, Fermi, A. H. Compton and Lawrence were the "scientific panel" asked to advise about the use of the first A-bombs—and it was the latter pair who raised the only protests, very feeble protests, before Hiroshima). But that is not the serious charge. Dr. Jungk also says explicitly that, through a mixture of histrionics and careerism, Oppenheimer ruined the career of an innocent man and close friend, Haakon Chevallier. I have never heard this said before. It cannot appear in the record of Oppenheimer's examination, or Diana Trilling would have spotted it during her brilliant analysis in the *Partisan Review*. Dr. Jungk gives a lot of information straight from Chevallier himself. Is it authentic? Presumably Dr. Jungk is satisfied about it—because he could not, on the plane of ordinary human responsibility, have brought a more devastating charge.

There are several more minor questions. They all need looking at, before the book carries the factual authority that it requires, and on many moral grounds deserves. What the author is impressively good at is conveying the

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immense complex of half-decisions which led up to Hiroshima. Anyone who wants to understand just how decisions are taken, or not taken, in a highly organized managerial society, ought to ask himself, who really decided to drop that bomb? Truman thinks he did. In legalistic terms, that is true. But General Groves, not in other respects a deep or far-sighted thinker, knew much more of the climate of opinion and how inner politics works, when he said, "Truman did not so much say 'Yes,' as not say 'No.' It would have taken a lot of nerve to say 'No' at that time."

There is a final irony. Dr. Jungk includes as a last appendix a letter written by James Franck and six other scientists to the Secretary of War, in June 1945, when the first atomic bomb had been made but before it was tested. That letter gave a forecast of what was likely to happen if the bomb were used on Japan and if the United States went on trying to preserve it as the prime military secret. As a forecast, the Franck letter is slap-on our present position. That might argue superhuman prescience on behalf of Franck and his friends. The irony is, such prescience was not needed. They were all intelligent and humane men who could see an inch beyond their noses. Of the similar men I met at that time who knew what was going on, nine out of ten made forecasts of just about the same kind. It was easy to be right.

Perse on the Sea Within Us

by Katherine Garrison Chapin

THIS new long poem by Perse, a moving celebration set in the ambience of the sea, establishes him once again as the major poet of our time in any language. Born on a Caribbean Island, Perse was taken to France as a child, and there had a distinguished diplomatic career under his own name of Alexis Léger. For the past eighteen years he has chosen to live in the United States, and from time to time has identified his poetic entity with the Western Continent. Each of his long epic poems has been translated and is available in bi-lingual form: *Eloges, Anabasis, Exile, Winds* and now *Seamarks*.

Seamarks (Amers), by St.-John Perse; the French text with a translation by Wallace Fowlie (Bollingen-Pantheon; $6).

Seamarks (*Amers*) is a poem of the sea which begins with a joyous panegyric, and for which he had nursed a taste for a long time, "mingling in my daily talk all that alliance, afar, of a great flash of sea." It is a song of the sea "as has never been sung, and it is the sea in us that will sing it . . . a dream at sea such as was never dreamt, and it is the sea in us that will dream it." The sea within us—"the sea's reign in the heart of man."

Readers of Perse will recognize that what concerns him has not changed with the years, nor the framework of his poetic method. Each of his long poems is a part of what he has called "a history of the soul"; each deals with an aspect of the drama of man facing his own being, and the mystery of himself, highlighted against the dilemmas of his age. Perse's intuitive vision of this drama finds expression in the cosmic elements of the outer world, in snows, in rains and in winds.

In *Rains* his concern with man's intellectual sterility and the need for revivification is described through images of the warm, cleansing, inseminating power of the tropical rainstorm; the cold loneliness of exile is movingly suggested by "the first snows of absence" in the poem *Snows*; and the force that blows through *Winds* even to the violence of destruction creates in man a desire to remake his world. In *Seamarks* the cosmic element is the sea, the sea with its movement and freshness, its changing beauty, its variety and strength —the sea represents what is creative in the heart of man. It is a symbol of life and living power, compared to land which, viewed from the sea, stands for death. The "sea of power and furrows . . . the sea in us weaving her great hours of light and her trails of darkness" carries none of the classic funereal landmarks, no porticos or propylaea, no Elysian Fields of burial. The mariners' guide posts on the land, visible from the sea, formed by nature or man-made, are the *Seamarks* from which the poem takes its title. They define a boundary limit in this poem which is a view from the sea's periphery, from tall stone cities, from forests, and from marshes. Only in the final *Chorus* he speaks of the great seas from their center —"Sea of every age and name."

The poem is divided into four large sections, each complete in itself: *Invocation, Strophe, Chorus* and *Dedication*. Perse's verse form, which he developed in his earliest work, is classical in its long alexandrine line, broken arbitrarily, yet modern in syntax, condensed and elliptical. His language is enriched by a heteroclite vocabulary. And the striking inner rhyme schemes with their exact *métrique* make translation difficult. Mr. Fowlie has brought to it his talent of fine cultivation; but Perse's images, vivid and always concrete, cross the barriers of his foreign language; they are sensuous and pliant to each particular mood, and defy limits in time. His images, often in one phrase, range from the tri-

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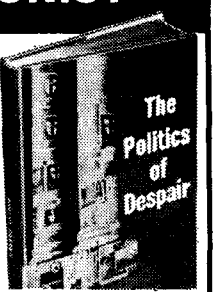

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remes of Homer to skin divers of today. And though they follow in quick succession like high combers along an endless shore, there is never elaboration for rhetorical effect. The poet is at the center of his poem, he incarnates it, he lives it.

The poem can best be read on different levels. It is a ceremonial poem in honor of the sea — "poetry to assist the song of a march around the circuit of the sea." It is a poem concerned with poetic inspiration. On another level the sea itself is a living poem—a "tender luminous page without silvering against the night of things." In its sum *Seamarks* treats of both dream and the experience of reality. It is epic in its major themes and wide circumference, but it is not an epic poem with hero and narrative or any development in time. Past and present merge together at a point of illumination. It is a poem of being.

The sea, source of life and creative power, is the symbol of passion between man and woman. The last Strophe, "Narrow are the Vessels," reaches an expression of desire and love that European critics have hailed as comparable to the Song of Songs—Biblical in sweep of language, and Hellenic in frank sensuousness. It carries a moving simplicity of tenderness and power.

There is a rhythm of narrowness and width, spasm and wave, tide of love and desire that rises against death, and recedes. To her lover the woman's body is shore and dune and swift-running vessel. To her, he is Pilot, Master at the wheel, or "like the hawk of the shores, reigning over its prey," he covers with his shadow all the radiance of her body.

In this fulfillment of love Perse remembers death — death which until now he has viewed from a distance, detached and aloof. The beloved woman is flesh and blood, no immortal nymph or goddess; and beyond their happiness lurks for the man, "a dream of the abyss," and for her the experience of hurt, and fear for the loss of her lover. The Strophe moves through the hours of a night of love—the approach, the ecstasy, the repose and final sleep. But the pulse of the sea between them is never still, the wave of passion, "the same wave since Troy," follows them and will defeat death.

Underneath the Intellect

by Virginia P. Held

THE EXISTENTIALIST REVOLT asserts that the intellect is tied to the dark subconscious forces that run through us all, and that its usefulness is severely limited. "Existentialism," says Mr. Barrett, "is the counter-Enlightenment come at last to philosophic expression; and it demonstrates beyond anything else that the ideology of the Enlightenment is thin, abstract, and therefore dangerous."

Irrational Man: A Study in Existential Philosophy, by William Barrett (Doubleday; $5).

So far Mr. Barrett, an associate professor of philosophy at New York University and a former editor of *Partisan Review,* is on firm but well-trodden ground. Yet the question for most of us is not whether man *is* rational, but whether he should try to be. And this brings us to Existentialism's battle with science and analytic philosophy. Barrett carries the flag of the Existentialists and joins the battle with relish.

Science and analytic philosophy suppose that man acquires knowledge by means of reason and the data of the senses, that knowledge is slowly built up by logical thinking and observation, and that truth consists of those statements which have been verified.

Existentialism believes man has other ways of knowing. Instead of starting with the concepts in his head and the supposed real world outside him, Existentialism thinks man should start with his own experience of himself-in-the-world. Thus if a man is told the universe consists only of matter and motion, that everything which happens follows of necessity from everything that has gone before, and that hence there can be no such thing as free will, he may be unable to offer any intellectual objection. And yet, he *knows* perfectly well he can either stay up or go to bed, jump out the window to his death or not, and that the choice is up to him. It is this kind of intuitive knowledge which Existentialism seeks to rehabilitate. To Heidegger, for instance, rational truth is a derivative of a more basic sense of truth, and for Existentialism in general reason becomes a second-rate tool.

IN TURNING from a denial that man is rational to a denial that he need bother to be, Existentialism and Mr. Barrett are on shakier but more interesting ground. Barrett suggests that if we feel in the marrow of our bones that a certain theory is true we are probably experiencing "the understanding that I have by virtue of being rooted in existence," and this understanding enables us to "know" it is true. One might recall, however, that when Copernicus told his neighbors the earth revolves around the sun the marrow of their bones told them he was mistaken. So did their faith, their experience of Being, their intuitive understanding—all the rather vaguely delineated avenues to knowledge on which Existentialism is based. Hence, if we are going to make truth dependent on felt certainty rather than on observable fact there must be some means of choosing whose felt certainty counts most. And this is exceedingly difficult. Neither Barrett nor his descriptions of the Existentialists suggests any criteria.

After some 5000 years man is still trying to decide whose deep feelings are the truest. Does the poetry of Rimbaud reveal more truth than that of Lucretius, the painting of Matisse more than the sculpture at Chartres? Or is their "truth" not a question? Is the deeply felt atheism of Sartre truer than the Christianity of Kierkegaard or the theology of the Old Testament, and who is to decide? In striking contrast, there is no doubt whatever that Einstein's theoretical physics is truer than Galileo's, and that a mediocre scientist working on an H-bomb today has at his command an enormous body of scientific truths unknown to the most brilliant of scientists just 25 years ago. The evidence threatens us all.

Impressed by this overpowering advance and realizing that traditional philosophic methods haven't provided Hegel with more reliable truth than Plato, analytic philosophers are trying to apply the rigorous approach of mathematics and science to their own problems. Unfortunately, the questions they ask are so

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limited nobody cares about them except other philosophers; but who cared about Newton's puzzles while he was laying the foundations of modern physics?

Existentialism offers answers that are unsure but important, analytic philosophy ones that are safe but often inconsequential. It is time, I would think, for the Existentialists predominant on the Continent and the analytic philosophers predominant in England and the US to stop sneering at each other. Mathematics and science have produced a solid fund of sure knowledge, and the diligence with which analytic philosophers are applying their methods should be welcome. But only Existentialism among philosophy today is helping man come to terms with the things that affect him most deeply: his impending death, his freedom of choice, and his quest for meaning.

MOVIES

Spencer Tracy's Hurrah

As if to substantiate the comments about his acting in my review of *The Old Man and the Sea* (*NR*, October 6), Spencer Tracy has been kind enough to appear quickly in another film. In *The Last Hurrah*, made from Edwin O'Connor's highly popular novel, Tracy has a part that fits him like his skin. Unlike The Old Man, it demands no illumination that he cannot supply and it makes good use of every quality he has. As Frank Skeffington, the "last" old-time politico, he gives us large and effective doses of the Tracy charm, quizzicalness, quiet anger, and easy confidence—together with the suggestion of vast reservoirs of winning eloquence.

The Last Hurrah (Columbia).

With the film as with the book, we must not suppose that the scene is Boston or that Skeffington is related to Mayor Curley; but if you know anything of Boston's schizoid society (where the oldest Americans are ruled by the newest) and of Curley's career, you will particularly relish the way Skeffington plays on the public, pitting factional interests against each other, using small personal favors as a builder uses bricks, and finally loses an election because he has not looked at the calendar. He knows very well that he is the last of his breed, but he has not realized that he is already extinct.

For a hundred years, ward politics was one of the principal means outside of sports by which an unschooled son of poor immigrants could fight his way to prominence and power. The great wave of immigration is over; as this country inches forward towards homogeneity, there has developed, more rapidly, a sophistication—even cynicism—about the cruder election hoop-la. James Reston reports that a recent bystander said of a big political parade: "It's just some politician riding down the street on the taxpayer's money."

In addition, the necessity of using television in any large campaign has made impractical the factional appeal. Curley and Al Smith and Frank Hague have been supplanted by Nixon and Meyner. (I couple them only in electioneering techniques.) Harriman still hastens to a Jewish delicatessen to eat blintzes as soon as Rockefeller swallows his, but it is easy to see that neither of them really believes much any more in blintz-eating or baby-kissing.

This picture, like the novel, was presumably intended as a memorial to the old-fashioned campaigner, and to a degree it succeeds. But the net effect is somewhat flabby because of a paradox: the script (by Frank Nugent) is both too faithful to the novel and too different from it. On the first score, some elements are conscientiously included, then inconclusively treated — for examples, the Hennessey-Garvey story and the enmity of Sugrue and the cardinal for Skeffington, which is noted but not motivated. Nugent seems to be tipping his hat hurriedly to various strands in the novel, then rushing on to get as many more in as possible before two hours are up. The result is a feeling of inconclusiveness, of dangling threads—and of a lack of cumulative drama.

On the second score the character of Skeffington has been considerably whitewashed, and this robs the film of some of the novel's humanity. Surely O'Connor's point is that his hero is a good-hearted rogue or, if you prefer, a rascally but ultimately beneficial professional: a man who conspired and cut corners and connived but did it, on balance, for the community's good. The only evidence of this in the picture is Skeffington's seduction of the banker's weak-witted son into accepting the job of fire commissioner, then using this as a weapon to raise a loan for the city.

Other colors, too, have been changed to black or white. The Beacon Hill lawyer, Gardiner, has been transmuted into an Episcopal bishop, doubtlessly to show that God and Hollywood are not biased against non-Catholics. The opposing candidate has been made a clown who could not have beaten the Greenback Party. The cardinal is brought to Skeffington's deathbed for a reconciliation. In general, O'Connor's relatively hard-headed analysis of sentimental politics has, in its film version, caught the sentimentality of its subject.

Yet there are virtues in the picture. John Ford's close, tight direction keeps insisting to you that these are the facts of the matter; Tracy and Pat O'Brien, as his lieutenant, are very good; Jeffrey Hunter, as the old man's nephew and future historian, is personable; those two reliables, Donald Crisp and Basil Rathbone, are absolutely sound as the cardinal and the banker. Scenes like the first interview between Skeffington and his nephew, Minahan's wake, election night, have interest. Still, if the film is not boring, neither is it really satisfying. We are left feeling that we have had a beguiling flirtation with the truth.

When the novel was published, *The New Yorker's* critic, Anthony West, said that it "persuasively pretends that mean vices are virtues" and called it "a genuinely subversive book." The *NR*'s critic, T. H. Eliot, deplored the fact that it gilded evil and brutality but said that "one can learn from it without being subverted." The picture would have been better, perhaps memorable, if it could have aroused the same controversy.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Notes on Contributors

C. P. SNOW is the distinguished British novelist. KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN is the author of *Plain-Chant for America*. VIRGINIA P. HELD has written extensively on modern philosophy.

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THEATRE

The Bigger They Come . . .

WITHIN the space of a week, three new productions, loaded with great names and greater expectations, lumbered into New York. Each was a sudden and sodden disappointment.

Biggest of all (four stars; book, lyrics and direction by Jean and Walter Kerr; music by Leroy Anderson; choreography by Agnes de Mille; costumes by Castillo; and scenery by Peter Larkin) is the three-hundred-thousand-dollar musical *Goldilocks,* which deals with silent films in the year 1913—a theme which I thought had been pretty thoroughly done-in on the occasion of a disastrous extravaganza known as *The Vamp.*

Goldilocks, by Jean and Walter Kerr (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre); *The World of Suzie Wong,* by Paul Osborn (Broadhurst Theatre); *Drink to Me Only,* by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach (Fifty-fourth Street Theatre).

Its story is very simple. A stage star (Elaine Stritch) wants to quit working and settle down with her rich suitor (Russell Nype), but finds that she has been hoodwinked into making an apparently endless film by a slippery young movie impresario (Don Ameche), whom she loathes on sight. It takes more time than talent for love to blossom; for us to learn that there's no business like show business; and for all the right people to be paired off at the finale. In between the going is slow and always reminiscent of some better musical.

While it is probably impossible for Jean and Walter Kerr not to be amusing —some of the dialogue is excruciatingly funny and I was highly entertained by the filming of a frontier thriller and an Egyptian spectacle right out of *Intolerance*—they can both be unoriginal.

Nor have the Kerrs received much help from others. Elaine Stritch, a great supporting performer, plays a starring role in just one key and gives me the impression of being far too forceful to be even so much as nicked by an emotion as wishy-washy as love. Pat Stanley, the ingenue, is sweet but about two-thirds inaudible. Russell Nype is Russell Nype. Only Don Ameche seems entirely at home, bringing to the brash movie-maker all the bounce and polish of a seasoned song and dance man.

Leroy Anderson's music is curiously unmelodious and only one of his contributions—a torch song called "I Never Know When"—appealed to me. Agnes de Mille is responsible for some long, tedious ballets and Castillo has provided hundreds of opulent dresses which prove conclusively that 1913 was not a Great Year in *haute couture.* This leaves quite a lot of Peter Larkin's scenery, all very, very pretty.

THAT durable darling of the spoken stage is back—the Whore with a Heart of Gold. This time she's Chinese and works out of a Hong Kong flea-bag and this time the play is called *The World of Suzie Wong,* based on Richard Mason's best selling novel of last year.

In this particular East-is-East pageant, a young Canadian artist comes to Hong Kong for a year to paint. He moves into the Nam Kok hotel where Suzie flourishes as a bar flower and love comes to them both. But, for reasons never made entirely clear, he won't possess Suzie physically—as so many, many others have—until he can have her alone and unshared. This happy circumstance occurs about ten-thirty and things go nicely until his money runs out and he decides to quit painting and take a job, to Suzie's eloquent distress.

While Suzie loves only her Canadian, she is also practical ("Feet on the ground . . . head and heart in the stars" as she is described), and has to earn money to support the half-caste baby she acquired from an earlier client. She leaves him to resume her loathesome trade. It is only when the house collapses during the rainy season, conveniently killing her child, that she and her true love decide to face life together on a more permanent basis.

It is a terrible play. Some of the lines are pure Elinor Glyn and there is more "frank" discussion of sex than most adult theatregoers will care to hear. But while *The World of Suzie Wong* contains more corn than Iowa, it is at the same time theatrical and often moving.

Nineteen-year-old France Nuyen is

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electric and lovely in the title role and William Shatner does more as Robert Lomax, the All-Canadian Boy, than anyone had a right to expect.

But the greatest performer of all is the scenery. Jo Mielziner's sets are nothing less than breathtaking. His ferry boat, his garish red and green bar, his bustling street and even his rather unconvincing rain storm (using genuine water) drew more applause than the play. All things considered, it was only just.

GEORGE ABBOTT, who is probably *the* director of farce, checked in rather more quietly with *Drink to Me Only*, a comedy having to do with a young lawyer defending a wealthy, much-married client who is charged with shooting his seventh wife after having downed two bottles of scotch. A lot of it funny, but the evening boils down to one joke for three acts.

PATRICK DENNIS

Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

ese political tradition . . . invokes a different principle, the *political unity of the Chinese culture area.*" One can find parallels outside Chinese culture in the moves for political unity among states with Arab culture or in pan-Germanism or pan-Slavism though the feeling that areas with purely Chinese culture ought to be politically united is stronger.

However, the acceptance of this part of the Chinese political tradition does not necessarily imply acceptance of the "Oriental Despotism" aspect of the Chinese political tradition. Parts of the Western political tradition have had a real power of attraction in China. The criticisms which appeared during the period of comparative freedom on the mainland in the first half of 1957 suggest that Formosa could exert little power of attraction by offering explicit neo-Confucianism in place of the implicit neo-Confucianism which David Nivison has traced in the writings of Liu Shao-ch'i (Journal of Asian Studies, Vol. 16, Pp. 50-75). It is doubtful whether many people on the mainland would be roused to much enthusiasm in the cause of replacing Mao Tse-tung by Chiang Kai-shek as "the modern Son of Heaven." The cause which could rouse enthusiasm would be one which offered political unity under a government which also offered the basic values of Western democracy. Formosa has not completely repudiated the "Oriental Despotism" aspect of the Chinese tradition and has not yet worked out fully satisfactory institutions for securing the value of Western democracy in a society with Chinese cultural traditions but its power of attraction, and therefore its danger to the Communists, depends on its offering more on these lines than the Communists do.

I think that both Professor Fairbank and I would agree that a great deal of Denis Healey's argument ("Formosa and the Western Alliance," *NR*, October 13) depends on misapprehensions about the facts of the situation. Mr. Healey assumes that the Formosans are not Chinese, but 50 years of Japanese rule have not destroyed the purely Chinese culture of 99 percent of the population. The provincial separatism which showed itself in the Formosan Independence Movement has at times been a force in Chinese politics but in the long run has always proved weaker than the feeling for political unity. Again, he assumes that "a Communist revolution on Formosa" is a serious possibility. In fact, while a pro-Communist *coup d'etat*, against the wishes of the native Formosans, might have been possible a few years ago, the "anti-rightist" campaign on the mainland has almost completely removed this risk.

MICHAEL LINDSAY

Yale University

► *Justice Burton's Retirement*

SIRS:

IN your issue of October 20 you note, quite justly, I think, that Mr. Justice Burton, who retired last week, was "honest, open-minded, conscientious, selfless and humble in the performance of judicial duties." You note also that these are virtues that are more or less common. No ungracious implication was intended, I am sure. And nothing could be more unjust than a belittling inference. For Justice Burton had these virtues to an uncommon degree. In him they were talents of a high order; they made him an ornament of the institution that he served with unsurpassed fidelity.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

Yale University Law School

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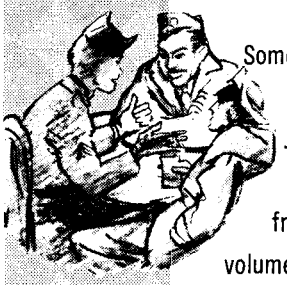

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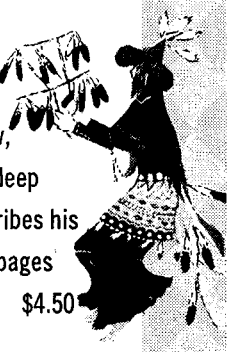

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